Supernatural; Castiel & Death; Castiel won't remember that he had a visitor when he was laid up in the hospital.

"You aren't the first of your kind to suffer like this," Death says to Castiel. He's standing next to Castiel's bed, hands at his sides. No one else in the ward seems to notice him, except that they all instinctively moved out of his way when he walked in.

Castiel doesn't know what to say. He's not familiar with Death, no more than he's familiar with Desire or any of those forces that sometimes have faces and bodies, when they wish it.

Death seems to get this, however, and speaks again. "I suppose you should be mine, the way you carry on," he pauses to note Castiel's involuntary flinch, "but I can't seem to convince myself to push things along."

Death knows that Castiel is terrified that he will lean over and take Castiel from this world, the way he should have much, much earlier.

"I would like it if you helped Dean Winchester stop my co-worker from pushing his plague along." Death says. He would like Lucifer to stop acting like he controls him. He would like the world to go on, because it's not time for it to be over. And so he can put off one little angel's final death for a while more.

"I...he didn't say yes?" Castiel asks, and Death nods. That's all the answer he needs.

He walks away, killing the memories of the encounter and leaving a slip of paper with an address and the words 'Pestilence - You will know when to act' on it.

Death, meanwhile, needs to go try some pizza. He's gone, and Castiel is thinking about how his foot itches and how that is the worst and best thing he has felt after all that pain.